

Rain and Warmer Tonight.
Rain Monday.

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LIMANTOUR REGIME PROTECTORATE FOR FOREIGN INVESTORS

Minister and de la Barra Will
Act As "Receivers"
for Mexico.

PROGRAM DICTATED FROM WASHINGTON

Victory In Forcing Concessions
From Diaz Is Credited
to Taft.

By JUDSON C. WELLIVER.

More promptly than might have been expected, President Diaz, of Mexico, has confirmed the forecasts that Limantour, the great financier of the country, is to be made practical dictator.

A new cabinet has been, in part, announced, with Limantour at the head of finances and his personal and political friend, De la Barra, chief of the foreign office.

Every move adds to the certainty that the new regime will be kept closely in touch with Washington, and that its progress will be largely dictated from here.

Make Investments Safe.

Limantour's supreme effort will be to satisfy the foreign investors by restoring peace at any price and making investments safe. In this he will have the intelligent co-operation of de la Barra, whose service as ambassador in Washington has given him a close touch with the purposes and demands of this country.

Limantour cannot, under the present constitution of Mexico, become its President, because he is of French extraction. Neither can Enrique Creel, the retiring minister of foreign affairs, because his father was by birth an American.

But Limantour and de la Barra are to be the real controlling forces in the new government. Diaz will remain merely a nominal head.

Something very much like an American protectorate will be established through these new men at the head of the reorganized government. They will have a chance to make the country from conditions which menace property, and if they fail, the next step possibly may be armed intervention.

The New Cabinet.

The members of the new cabinet as announced by President Diaz, thus far, are:

Francisco de la Barra, ambassador at Washington, to be minister of foreign affairs, succeeding Enrique Creel. Jose Yves Limantour to continue as minister of finance.

Manuel Marroquin, to be head of the department of commerce, labor and development, succeeding Olegario Molina. Jorge Vera Estanol, to be minister of education, succeeding Justo Sierra.

Norberto Dominguez, to be minister of transportation and public works, succeeding Leandro Fernandez. Demetrio Solis, to be minister of justice, succeeding Justino Fernandez.

That the new government will be really a Limantour administration is frankly accepted by Limantour himself, who in an interview declares that reforms are to be effected, and calls on all classes of Mexicans to give the new regime a chance to show what it will and can do, and how far it is willing to go.

Ambassador de la Barra will leave Washington this evening for Mexico City, to assume charge of the foreign office. His last official acts included calls on President Taft and Secretary of State Knox.

Victory for Taft.

President Taft has carried his point with the Mexican government. When the maneuvers of troops on the Texas frontier were ordered, it was recognized that the real purpose was to force the Mexican administration to make concessions in the interest of peace, modernization of the country, and the safety of American and other investors.

Those concessions have been obtained. The new administration will be dominated by the men best qualified for this task of moderate reforms and the men most willing to place the country in the position of satisfying the banking interests of the world.

Practically, Limantour and de la Barra may be regarded as receivers for Mexico, appointed by Washington on petition of the world-wide business interests that are concerned in behalf of order and security.

The new turn in the situation may go (Continued on Third Page.)

WEATHER REPORT.

FORECAST FOR THE DISTRICT.
Rain tonight and Monday. Warmer tonight, with brisk southeast winds.

TEMPERATURE.

8 a. m.	57	12 noon	53
3 p. m.	48	1 p. m.	53
10 a. m.	48	2 p. m.	54
11 a. m.	49		

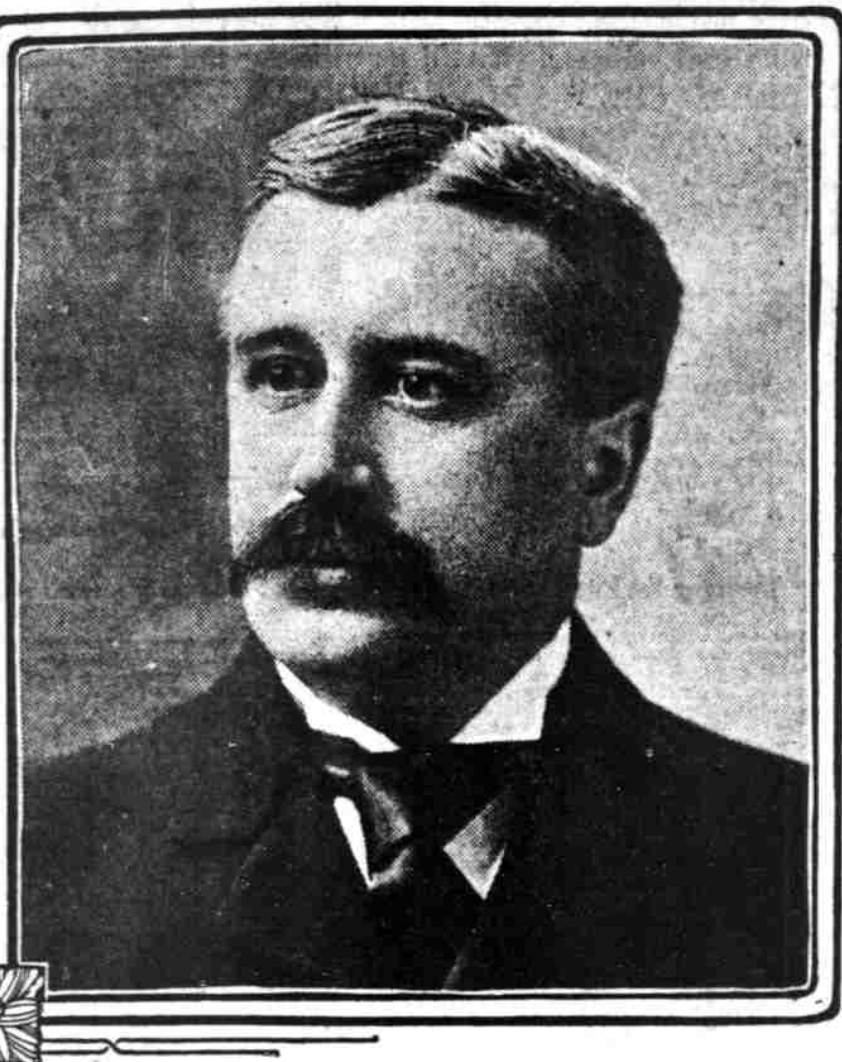
TIDE TABLE.

Today—High tide, 4:50 a. m. and 5:07 p. m.; low tide, 11:13 a. m. and 11:33 p. m. Tomorrow—High tide, 4:40 a. m. and 6:30 p. m.; low tide, 12:30 a. m.

SUN TABLE.

Sun rises.....5:34 A.M. sets.....6:18

Convicted Banker on Verge of Insanity



CHARLES W. MORSE.

FIGHT EIGHT HOURS WITH GALE IN BOAT

Two Washed Ashore At
Great Head Light—Two
Others Perished.

NANTUCKET, Mass., March 25.—The two survivors of the trip the metallic lifeboat of the sunken barge Stoughton made across Great Point in the teeth of yesterday's freezing northwester, were brought into town today by members of the life-saving station, and are now lodged at the Lamb Hotel.

The eight-hour ordeal through which they passed left both so weak they could hardly walk from the carriage to the hotel entrance, but both will recover.

Distress Signals.

George Dawes, son of the captain, told of the events leading up to the abandonment of the Stoughton.

"The Stoughton," he declared, "began to leak at Cross Rip and although we started two six-inch suction pumps the water gained rapidly.

"At dark we tried to signal the tug towing up, but neither the showing of distress signals nor the repeated blasts blown on our whistle evoked response. Seas were making a clean breach over the barge at 1 o'clock in the morning and we feared we would founder.

"Father decided to abandon her and we launched the life-boat. We were unable to get our effects from the cabin and were at the mercy of the gale. We were with Great Head Light, which we could see plainly.

"In order to keep the boat from being swamped by the heavy seas we threw overboard all our clothing and everything that was not absolutely necessary. We had to bail the boat constantly, using our hands.

"My father was the first to die. He and I were bailing the boat. He sank to my arms and I rubbed his hands. He died of the cold at daylight.

"Richards, a seaman, died not long after. I and Winfield Carver, the fourth man in the boat, decided to cut away the drag. We exhausted ourselves doing this. I lost consciousness, and the last thing I remember was Carver's face as with fingers frozen to the steering oar he sat in the stern.

"It was not until this morning I recovered consciousness and found myself in the Great Point lighthouse, and learned from Keeper Dixon and his wife how Carver and I and the bodies of my father and Richards had been washed up in the lifeboat.

"My feet and hands were badly swollen. Carver, who is the smallest man of the four, stood the ordeal best and seems quite recovering tonight. My father's body will be sent home to New London Monday, but it may be several days before I will be able to follow."

"Showing hardly any mark from the gale of Thursday night, which brought about the sinking of the barge Stoughton and the death of her captain and a sailor in an attempt to escape, an open life-boat from the sinking craft to Great Point, Nantucket, the tug Stoughton in tow at the time of the accident, tied up at Commercial wharf early this morning.

Delaware Boy Reported Slain in Mexican Fight

LAUREL, Del., March 25.—News was received here late last night that Walter Baker, eighteen years old, son of William Baker, who recently moved from here to Salisbury, was killed in Mexico. Young Baker left here, where he was employed as manager of a restaurant, about six months ago to enter the navy. Since then no one here heard of him until the news of his death was received. According to the report, he was on one of Uncle Sam's boats which have been cruising in Mexican waters, and was ashore with four other marines. An altercation took place between them and a party of Mexicans. All of the Americans were injured, the report says, but Baker was the only one to die. He was shot through the head.

PUBLICITY NO MAR TO HONEYMOON

Capital Elopers Surprised
At Being Found Out,
However.

Surprised that the newspapers should have learned so soon of their romance, but declaring the publicity will in no wise interfere with their honeymoon, Mr. and Mrs. Grover Cleveland Drummond, both of Washington, are in Richmond today en route to Pinehurst, N. C. The couple were married in Richmond yesterday afternoon, after what may be termed an elopement from Washington. It appears that there was no particular secret about the fact that Grover Cleveland Drummond and Julia Thomas intended to be married some day, but a little runaway to the Virginia city seemed more fascinating than a cut-and-dried wedding in Washington.

"I was too bad the newspapers got on to us after we had gotten this far from Washington," said the bride, a petite blonde, at the Hotel Jefferson, in Richmond, today. "I didn't want it to get out for I intended going back to work just as though nothing had happened when I returned to the Capital."

"I guess it will be all right though," Mrs. Drummond was formerly stenographer for Brock, Becken & Smith, patent attorneys. She doubtless will get the position back if she wants it.

Young Drummond is assistant baggage foreman at the Washington Terminal Company. His associates today said they tipped off the newspapers when he intended to marry. They've been sweethearts since childhood.

"After being married by the Rev. William Meade Clark, rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Richmond, and the bride is understood to have borne a son and Grover tipped off the newspapers. Bishop Harding, of Washington.

Student Hypnotist Is Expelled From School

PENNINGTON, N. J., March 25.—Accused of using hypnotic powers over a fellow student at the Pennington Seminary, Harold Heath, of Kingston, Jamaica, has been expelled from the institution by President Frank McDaniel.

The young Jamaican is said to have read three books dealing with hypnotism, and then attempted to induce other students to allow him to practice the power of hypnotism on them.

Finally, George Pratt, one of Heath's companions, gave his consent, and was put to sleep. While he was under the hypnotic power, it is alleged, Heath told him to believe that he was suffering with appendicitis.

"After vainly trying to bring Pratt out of the hypnotic stupor, Heath summoned other students to his room. Pratt finally was restored to consciousness."

Bloodhounds on Trail of Omaha Resident's Slayer

OMAHA, Neb., March 25.—The wanton murder of Herman Cohn, a prominent business man, last night has aroused Omaha to a high pitch of excitement, and while the police are combing the city for his slayer, posses are searching the countryside.

When Cohn's body was found the pistol with which he had been murdered was lying near him, apparently having been dropped by the murderer. Bloodhounds were taken from a dog show in the city and given the scent from the revolver. They are still trailing, and their trainers say, evidently close on the fugitive.

Boy Kills His Sister Playing "William Tell"

TOLEDO, Ohio, March 25.—Johnny Allen, five years old, and his sister, three, were playing "William Tell" this morning when the boy shot and instantly killed his sister. The boy had a Flobert rifle and his sister held up a bottle for him to shoot. The girl held the bottle in front of her face and the boy fired, the ball entering the girl's brain. Death was instantaneous.

GAYNOR DECLARES MORSE WILL SOON BE INSANE MAN

Arch-Grafter With Greene
In Harbor Frauds In
Capital Today.

HIMSELF PALSIED BY LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA

Only Plans for Future Are to Get
Under Doctor's Care As Soon
As He Can.

Charles W. Morse is going insane in his cell at the Federal penitentiary at Atlanta.

This is the statement made today in Washington by John F. Gaynor, arch-grafter with Benjamin D. Greene, in the Savannah harbor frauds. Gaynor was in the Washington Union Station this morning, en route to Syracuse, N. Y., following his release from the Federal prison in Atlanta, after serving a four years' term.

"Morse is in bad, bad shape; he is losing his mind from confinement and worry," said Gaynor today, as he tottered up and down the aisle of his Pullman sleeper.

Has Told Mrs. Morse.

"Morse is surely going crazy. Even now you can see his mind is falling, and I feel sure I know—he will be insane before long unless he gets out. I told Mrs. Morse about it yesterday, and she is prostrated. He's awful bad."

Gaynor says Morse is hardly able to leave his cell, and sits for hours at a time looking blankly at the wall of his prison. He says Morse continually hopes for a pardon, but has apparently lost confidence in the movement in his behalf. He dislikes to see visitors, Gaynor states, and is in extremely poor physical condition.

Four years of prison life have told with terrible effect upon Gaynor, as he appeared this morning in his sleeper bound for New York, following his release Friday from prison and his purging himself of a \$75,000 fine by taking a poverty oath to avoid serving additional time.

Palsied, Disheartened Man.

A palsied, weakened, and disheartened man, feeble beyond his years, is the pitiful appearance he makes.

"I'm a sick man; got locomotor ataxia," said Gaynor, plainly discouraged and very ill.

"I was sick all the time I was in prison, and all I want now is to get a doctor at home," continued the convict, in his short, jerky manner of speaking.

"I've lost everything I had—yes, health, money, respect of friends—everything. It's all spent, gone, and I'm a sick man."

"Did prison life agree with you?" he was asked.

"Agree with me, h—! do I look like it agreed with me? Just look at me," he said with emphasis.

"Did you ever see a man with locomotor ataxia?" he asked.

"I'm so sick I can't even care for myself; got my son John to come after me and bring me home."

He was accompanied by his only son, John Gaynor, of Syracuse, a well-to-do cement contractor, with whom Gaynor will live.

When asked what plans he had made for the future, the former army engineer said:

"No plans at all—just going to get a doctor the first thing I do; then doctor and try to get well. You can't expect a man like me to have any plans now, can you?"

"I'm just going to live quietly with my son and try to get better. I got this disease six years ago before I went to prison and I'm worse off than ever."

Crippled Like Aged Man.

Gaynor exhibited his shrunken, palsied hands and asked if a man in such condition could do any work. His hands are attenuated, his face flaccid and wrinkled with loosely hanging skin and his eyes sunken. Crippled and humped like a man of eighty years, Gaynor can hardly walk alone, clinging to the sides of his berth as he dragged himself tottering over the floor.

Gaynor was deeply disappointed at the failure of his wife to meet him in Washington this morning to accompany him to New York, as they had planned. For some reason unknown to Gaynor she was unable to do so. He was in the city and he expected to join them this evening in New York. She has been living in Washington while her husband has been serving his sentence in the Atlanta prison.

Eager to See Wife.

Watching eagerly out of the window of his sleeping car for a glimpse of his wife, whom he had not seen for several months, Gaynor seemed disconsolate when the train left without her appearance.

THOUSANDS FIGHT TO CLAIM FIRE VICTIMS

BEFORE YESTERDAY'S FIRE.

Statement made by Edward F. Croker, chief of the New York fire department, following the Newark factory disaster, November 26, 1910:

"New York may have a fire as deadly as the one in Newark at any time.

"There are buildings in New York where the danger is every bit as great as in the building destroyed at Newark, and a fire in the daytime would be accompanied by loss of life.

"What we should have is an ordinance requiring fire-escapes on every building used for manufacturing purposes. Take, for instance, some of the large loft buildings below Twenty-third street. The employees go up to their work in the elevators, and many of them do not even know where the stairways are."



EDWARD F. CROKER,
Chief of the New York Fire Department.

AFTER YESTERDAY'S FIRE.

"This catastrophe is just exactly what I have predicted over and over again. The last time I called attention to it was little less than three months ago. And the worst part of it all is that it happened today, and it is likely to happen tomorrow, the next day and the day after, until something is done to remedy this awful condition.

"There wasn't a fire-escape anywhere fronting on the street by which these unfortunate girls could escape. I have been arguing, complaining, and grumbling about this very thing for a long time. But every time I raised the point some of these architects and city beautiful people would pop up and declare that to place trappings of iron and steel upon the front of buildings would destroy the beauty of the city.

Hundred and Forty-Seven Bodies Lie on Charities Pier in New York While Bereaved Relatives Frantically Struggle to Identify Them.

NEW YORK, March 26.—When the sun rose this morning, there were 140 bodies side by side in pine coffins on the Charities pier at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street. By noon the number had reached 147, and of these forty-nine had been identified.

They were the toll of the half-hour's fire which swept the shirt waist factories in the ten-story building, 23 Washington place, late yesterday.

They were the victims of inadequate fire-escapes, of a system that safeguards steel and stone, but apparently ignores flesh and blood.

A crowd which packed the street from Third avenue, three long blocks to the pier, screamed and fought, each for a chance to look at the ghastly forms on the dock.

Not since the Slocum holocaust, in 1906, have there been such awful scenes. The victims of that river disaster were placed on this same pier.

The sky was clear, boats moved up and down the East river, church bells were ringing, and thousands of shrieking, swaying human creatures, wild-eyed, prayed in many tongues for a chance to break into an open charnel house.

Most of them had stood there all night, but sorrow is invulnerable to physical distress, besides to most of them hunger was an old acquaintance. They had come like so many sheep from the scene of the fire. A number had witnessed the last few minutes of that horrible half hour, had seen girls hurtling down ten stories to crash head first through a life net, or to be mashed like raindrops on the asphalt.

General Calamity, But Anguish of Each Is Personal.

These sights they felt upon, talked about, magnified, if they could be magnified. They imagined, each for his or her own daughter, or sister, the torture that had preceded the leap.

They groaned, they cried, they begged for news while the identifications went on inexorably.

Deputy Commissioner Goodwin, of the department of charities, took charge of the work. The entrance to the pier was closed and from twenty to forty of the crowd were admitted at a time.

The faces of these unfortunate ones, on receiving such permission, looked not of earth. They had been reckless of everything in their efforts to get in. Once in, fear overcame hope. They dreaded to look. They passed in silence before the charred heaps, their eyes leaving one with relief, yet hesitating to drop to another. After all bereavement is purely personal.

"She's not ours," said one couple, with a sigh of relief.

Behind another pair fell to their knees to kiss a face no longer human, to weep and then to faint.

Wailed in Universal Language.

It was a morning of tragedies. Germans, Hungarians, Russians, Italians, and Slavs shouted their grief, but there was no nationality when they came to their own. They were just men and women speaking the universal language of the heart.

To care for these bereaved ones was the work of scores of nurses. They placed them on hand ambulances and then wheeled them to the hospital. Some looked ten years older. Certainty made those totter whose uncertainty kept them strong.

All morning the procession kept up. All morning the crowd increased. Nor were the ministrations of the Red Cross nurses confined to the pier. They moved silently among the throngs outside, calming hysterical women, reassuring excited men.

They led away one, P. K. Adler, who had identified two sisters by the rings they wore, and who was too grief stricken to continue the search for a mother he knew was there.

At the end of the pier sat an old man with a flowing white beard. In one hand he held a cane; with the other he wiped eyes devoid of tears. But he could not speak. All he could do was to point. His story has yet to be told.

More Bodies Brought to Pier.

Now and again through the crowd came the rumble of a wagon. They all knew what it meant. They all shuddered. The reserves and the nurses called for patience, yet the wagons had hard work to get through.

Up to midday seven bodies had been added to the collection on the pier.

Chief Croker, who had not closed his eyes all night, looked sadly on the lines of dead.

He had predicted such a happening. He said it might happen again any day, any minute.

It takes a big horror to make a small

reform, but he looked for the reforms hopefully now.

About the fated structure there were also crowds, but chiefly crowds of curious people. The building itself showed no traces of fire save a few broken windows. But the one rickety fire-escape stood out like a conscious accuser.

When the death wagons departed with their additional burdens they were followed by those who had hoped to search the building for their lost ones. They mingled at the pier with the great throng and added their sorrows to the grief of the rest.

Tragedies Upon Tragedies.

These heartrending scenes, which unnerved men injured to misery, were repeated in the scenes of late yesterday and last night. The thousand human tragedies of sorrow witnessed all day at the morgue and at the pier on East Twenty-sixth street were continuations of similar tragedies. The lapse of hours did nothing but make the outward expression of grief less violent. It was all the more pitiful on that account.

Many of the victims were the sole supports of parents or young children. No wonder aged men and women attired like mad persons when they frantically searched among the grim lines of charred remains for a daughter or a sister.

Not since the terrible June 15, seven years ago, when the Slocum's thousand passengers were burned or drowned, has any sight been witnessed equal in pathos to the one in front of the Green street morgue.

The roadway was jammed with ambulances, dead-wagons, patrol wagons, and automobiles pressed into service to carry off the dead.

Doctors knelt over the bundles on the sidewalk with stethoscopes, in efforts to detect heart beats in shattered bodies.

And all the while relatives poured in from all directions—old men wringing their hands, old women weeping—all begging for help to find breadwinners in the host of dead and dying.

Hardened Police Unnerved.

To these the police had to turn a deaf ear. They themselves were unnerved by the grief that surrounded them, but the work of picking the living from the dead had to go on undisturbed.

The great crowd, frantic as it was, understood this and when it was announced that the bodies would be removed to the pier near the morgue there was a rush in that direction.

There the agonies of suspense were again suffered by the waiting hundreds. The wagons rolled up with their burdens. Every body was searched for some means of identification. In many cases the names were made known by the pay envelopes clasped in the hands of the victims. Their small wages meant so much to these toilers of the city that they clung to them even in death.

All those identified were taken to a central bureau, where they were tabulated.

Such a scene might have been enacted during the great plagues of London and Marcellus, where the carriers went upon stricken streets with their dead cry, "Bring out your dead."

"Who seeks a girl with a ring bearing the initials 'G. S.'?"

A shriek above the roar of the crowd

would be heard, and a woman would stagger forward, or a man, perhaps.

Calamity Makes Him Maniac.

"Who seeks a girl whose pay envelope bears the name of 'Kaplan'?" An old woman here crept forward, and, hearing the name, tottered and fell on her face.

One man and woman broke through the police line shouting and screaming. The policemen themselves, almost overwrought, let them go and they rushed to the pier. They were Mrs. Josephine Panno, of 49 Stanton street, and her son-in-law. They were seeking her daughter, Mrs. Jane Buccalo, eighteen years old. Mrs. Panno watched wagons arriving with their ghastly loads. The light of hope was in her eyes. She shuddered and started to look again.

Suddenly the man with her shrieked and began to tear his hair. Then he reeled and fell face forward a maniac. The wagons still rolled in, the list of dead still swelled and the mob swelled with it.

Darkness came but not rest. The work went on. These sufferers stood all night and wept, hungry, but determined to know the worst. At daylight they were still waiting. And apparently the crowd had not diminished.

Investigation of the Fire Horror Started By District Attorney

NEW YORK, March 26.—Under direction of District Attorney Whitman, Assistant District Attorney Bestwick began today the examination of witnesses who could throw light on the terrible calamity. He will continue this examination all through the week.

The district attorney himself continued today his personal investigation of the fire. He examined the building at Washington place and Green street in order to assure himself by visual evidence that the lack of fire-escapes was a fact and not a theory. His decision to call for an investigation by the grand jury which meets a week from tomorrow was strengthened by evidence of neglect of human life which he saw not only in the fated building, but in other loft buildings in the neighborhood.

No Punishment Too Strong.

Mr. Whitman's conference with Chief Croker, Deputy Chief Burns, Deputy Police Commissioner Driscoll, and other officials assured him that no punishment could be too strong for owners of buildings who defied the law and daily invited just such a holocaust as last night.

Unfortunately it takes a disaster like this to wake up officials who have evidently been negligent in their duty. It was the same at the Slocum disaster when after hundreds perished strenuous measures were taken to insure the safety of other excursion boats.

These tall buildings are in the words of Chief Croker classed as fireproof.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)